Stew. Slaue thou haſt ſlaine me, Villaine take my purſe:
If euer thou wilt thriue, bury my body,
And giue the Letters which thou findſt about me
To *Edmund* Earle of Gloſter, ſeeke him out, vpon
The Britiſh party: ô vntimely death! death.

He dyes.

Edg. I know thee well, a ſeruiceable villaine,
As dutious to the vices of thy Miſtris,
As badneſſe would deſire.

Glo. What is he dead?

Edg. Sit you downe father, reſt you, lets ſee his pockets,
Theſe Letters that he ſpeakes of may be my friends,
Hee's dead, I am onely ſorry he had no other deathſman.
Let vs ſee, leaue gentle wax, and manners blame vs not,
To know our enemies minds wee'd rip their hearts,
Their papers is more lawfull.

A Letter.

Let your reciprocall vowes be remembred.
You haue many opportunities to cut him off.
If your will want not, time and place will be fruitfully offered.
There is nothing done: If he returne the Conquerour,
Then am I the priſoner, and his bed my Iayle,
From the loath'd warmth whereof deliuer me,
And ſupply the place for your labour.

Your wife (ſo I would ſay) & your affectionate ſeruant,
Gonerill.

Edg. O vndiſtinguiſht ſpace of womans wit,
A plot vpon her vertuous husbands life,
And the exchange my Brother: heere in the ſands
Thee Ile rake vp, the poſt vnſanctified
Of murtherous letchers, and in the mature time
With this vngracious paper ſtrike the ſight
Of the death practiſd Duke, for him tis well,
That of his death and buſineſſe I can tell.

Glo. The King is mad, how ſtiffe is my vilde ſenſe,
That I ſtand vp, and haue ingenious feeling

Of

Of my huge ſorrowes, better
So ſhould my thoughts be fe
And woes by wrong imagina
The knowledge of themſelu

Edg. Giue me your hand:
Farre off methinkes I heare t
Come Father Ile beſtow you

Enter Cordeli

Cor. O thou good *Kent*,
How ſhall I liue and worke t
My life will be too ſhort, an
Kent. To be acknowledg'
All my reports go with the
Nor more, nor clipt, but ſo.
Cor. Be better ſuited,
Theſe weeds are memories
I prethee put them off.
Kent. Pardon me deere M
Yet to be knowne ſhortens
My boone I make it that yo
Till time and I thinke meet
Cor. Then be it ſo: my Lo
Doct. Madam ſleepes ſti
Cor. O you kinde Gods,
Cure this great breach in h
The vntun'd and hurrying
Of this childe-changed Fa
Doct. So pleaſe your Ma
He hath ſlept long.
Cor. Be gouern'd by yo
Ith ſway of your owne wi
Doct. I Madam, in the h
We put freſh garments on
Kent. Good Madam be
I doubt not of his tempera

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